THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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JENNIE AND JULIA.

IN the picture you see two little girls, whose names are Jennie and Julia Brown. Do you see what loving little girls they are? Jennie is five years old and Julia only three. They are on a seat in the garden where everything is beautiful. They have a little basket of fruit to eat, and a large doll to play with, and vines and flowers all around them. Every day when it is pleasant Jennie leads her little sister to this lovely spot, and here they sometimes spend two or three hours at a time. When Julia gets tired and fretful, Jennie does not get cross and scold, but tries all the harder to please her.

What great relief it must be to Mrs. Brown, who has to work hard in the house, to have her children go into the garden and play together in this pretty way! Children can help their mothers a great deal by going away by themselves to play as Jennie aud Julia do.

How much better it is for these little girls to be in this clean, quiet place than in the noisy, dusty street! Don't play in the street. If any of our readers have no garden to play in we are sorry for them; but still we would say, "Don't play in the street. If you have only a little back yard, play in that. It is a better place than the street."

For The Dayspring.

ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

M.

M means Mosquito; Mosquito means Gnat,
But we've printed already some rhymes about that.
Then there's also the Midge (*alias* Midget), much smaller,
An almost invisible biter and crawler.
On a mountain excursion, one midsummer night,
We saw at a farm-house a singular sight;
A thin stream of smoke, from a door floating out,
Made us curious to see what it could be about.
When lo! at the opposite door came to view
A pan-full of brands, and the wind wafted through
A light cloud of smoke, and the family sat
In a row on a bench, between this door and that.
And, seeing our wonder, the father averred
The smoke to the midges they greatly preferred.
And when we ascended Bald Mountain one day,
An escort of midgets beclouded our way;
But when we came out from the forest, and now
Stood there, breathing free, on the mountain's bare brow,
The wind that came sweeping along o'er the height
Swept that cloud of tormentors far down out of sight.
There is nothing more likely to make a man fidget
Than the bite of a little, importunate midget.
I can fancy them, sometimes, minute incarnations
Of life's oft-recurring and petty vexations;
And sometimes, as every one knows, when the bubble
Is too small to prick, it increases the trouble.
The very best cure for these torments, I know of,
Is to "push on, keep moving," and just let them blow off.
There's nothing like work in this world to relieve us
When such unaccountable miseries grieve us.
To pray and not work will not lift off a feather,
But praying and working must both go together.

C. T. B.

THIEVES are not made at once. The boy who steals a penny now may rob a bank ten years hence, and die in the penitentiary. Boys, mind that, and never take other people's things.

For the Dayspring.

A HICKORY-NUT GHOST STORY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

TOMMY SUTTON and his brother Dick lived in the city. Of country life they knew little or nothing, for they had never been out of the city except on brief vacation trips, and then they did not go where they saw real country life. They had an uncle who lived in Ohio; he was a farmer, and when Tommy was thirteen years old and Dick nine, their father and mother took them on a visit to the home of Uncle Joe. How different they found everything there from what they had been accustomed to see in the city! In the morning there was no milk-man's cart at the door, but in the barnyard there were four sleek, motherly cows, and these the hired man milked every morning and night. His name was Milo Morrison, and he took a great fancy to the two nice boys from the city. When he started for the barn-yard with his pails, the cat, named Nicholas Nickleby, followed him.

"What do you s'pose he wants?" said Dick. "He can't suck one of the cows, can he?"

"Of course he can't," said Tommy. Let's ask Mr. Milo why he follows him."

So Dick asked him.

"Oh," said Milo, "he goes every morning to get his breakfast. He likes it warm. This is the way he takes it," said he as he seated himself on a three-legged stool and threw a stream of milk, which pussy caught in his mouth without losing a drop.

"Did you ever!" said Dick.

"Hurrah for Nicholas Nickleby!" said Tommy. "That beats all our city cats that we fling boot-jacks at in the back-yard when they get noisy at night and won't let us sleep."

Milo then said to the boys, "Now if you want a real nice thing to-morrow, I'll tell you how to have it. I shall be at work in a field near the woods where there are several hickory-trees. They are loaded with nuts, and you can get a bag full to take back to the city just as well as not."

"Good for Milo!" said both the boys at once.

The next day came. It was lovely with October sunshine. There had been a light frost the night before, and of course that only helped to open the shucks, and let the nuts fall to the ground. Both the boys were up bright and early. They could hardly spare time for breakfast, so impatient were they to get into the woods. Each took a small basket to pick up nuts in, and a bag to empty the baskets into.

"Do you s'pose we'll get her full?" said Dick.

"We'll try anyhow," said Tommy.

The woods were about a mile from the farmhouse. By dinner-time the bag was well filled with large, ripe, Ohio hickory-nuts, and while Milo was hitching his horses to the wagon, the boys sat down on a log and began to talk about the stories they had read of spirits, and demons, and ghosts in the Black Forest in Germany. Dick half believed in such things. "Who knows," said he, "but that these stories may be founded on fact?" Tommy had read the story of Undine, and was half in love with the beautiful creature, and wished some water-spirit would come up out of a beautiful lake, and bring him such lovely jewels as the spirits brought Undine. It seemed a good deal easier for the boys to believe in these imaginary creatures while they were in the deep, dark woods, than when they were in the parlor at home.

At last Dick, who was sitting on a fallen tree, and leaning against a bass-wood

stump, said, "Don't you think there might be a spirit or two in these woods, that would be displeased with our carrying off these nuts? They may think we are robbing the squirrels. I wouldn't like to be here alone at night."

Just then something far up above them shouted "Hoo whoo!" and Dick sprang to his feet. "There now," said he, "somebody wants to know who we are. What shall we tell him, Tommy?"

The next thing they heard was Mr. Milo laughing at the two city boys for being frightened at an owl; and a moment after a great, solemn-looking bird wheeled slowly round in a half circle and then lighted on a dry hemlock limb, on the shady side of the tree. Dick asked if he was good to eat. Milo said he was too tough for country folks, but that, once in a while, such birds were sent to the city to be stuffed. "They will keep a long time too," said he.

"Do they stuff them as they do Thanksgiving turkeys?" said Dick.

"Oh now, Dick," exclaimed Tom, "don't show your ignorance. Milo is stuffing you. Did you never hear any one say 'tough as a biled owl'? Of course he isn't good to eat."

Milo was now ready to start, and the boys enjoyed the ride home across the fields and through the lane. They were proud enough of their hickory-nuts, and carried them up stairs, placing the bag on a shelf in a closet which opened out of their room. Whose sleep is so sweet as that of a tired boy? As they were undressing, Dick said he did not care now for all the goblins that lived in the Black Forest or anywhere else. The nuts were safe, and the spirits, if there were any, had better not come into their bedroom.

About midnight Tommy felt something shake his arm.

"Halloo," said he, "what's wanting?"

"Keep still," whispered Dick. "Didn't you hear that noise?"

"Pshaw, no," was the reply. "You're dreaming about that owl we saw in the woods. Can't you turn over and give us a rest?"

Just then there was a noise in good earnest, and Tommy began to get frightened as well as Dick. Both the boys held their breath. There was a sound like the tearing of flesh from bones.

"It's a goblin from the woods," said Dick, "he's mad about our hickory-nuts, and he'll eat us both up."

Then something dropped upon the floor, followed by another and another, and whatever it was rolled clear across the little room; but the boys were both afraid to call for help. Then they heard the quick patter of feet across the floor of the room next to theirs. (The closet where all the noise came from opened into both rooms.) They thought of the fatal closet where Blue Beard kept his murdered wives. Dick's hair, which had been clipped short but a few days before, stood on end. Then there came a heavy spring and spitting and gnashing of teeth, as if two animals were engaged in a deadly fight. Rattle, rattle, roll, roll, went a thousand balls across the floor, and now they sounded like the firing of guns. Both the boys screamed. Up came papa and Uncle Joe with lights.

For a moment all was still. Dick's head, half hidden under the pillow, looked like a little hedge-hog.

"What is the matter, boys?" said both the men at once.

"Oh dear," bawled Dick, "there's thieves or robbers or ghosts, or something from the menagerie in the closet, and they've been having an awful fight. I guess one of 'em's killed the other, and I wish

you'd kill the one that's left. Oh dear, I don't want to stay in Ohio any longer."

"Hark!" said Uncle Joe.

"Mew — mew — mew," and the mew came from the closet.

Uncle Joe opened the door, and *out walked Nicholas Nickleby, the cat, with a great rat in her mouth.* A hole in the bag and a pile of hickory-nuts on the floor showed that Mr. Rat had been a little too anxious to find out what was in the bag.

Some of these same nuts were cracked at a gathering of boys and girls on the next Christmas, after the Suttons had returned to the city. Dick told all the fun they had in Uncle Joe's woods gathering them; and when Tommy told about the fright in the night, and about Dick's bawling with terror, Dick insisted that it was the cat. How many of their own doings some little boys find it convenient to lay to the cat!

MAKING PEARLS.

EVERYBODY remembers the story of the two sisters, one of whom being cross and disagreeable, the fairy caused toads and snakes to drop from her mouth every time she spoke. The other was good-natured and kind; so, when she spoke, pearls and diamonds came from her lips. The fairies are dead, and for the sake of good children we are sorry; but whoever is bright and cheery and pleasant, pearls and diamonds do drop from his or her lips even now, and that without the aid of fairies. More beautiful than beautiful words are beautiful deeds, — little deeds of kindness; a gift of a book, of a meal to a sick neighbor, of kind help some way. These make the day on which they are done all the brighter. — *Selected.*

IF from any cause you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things.

For The Dayspring.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

ON one of the brightest of spring mornings the four friends, Madge, Carrie, Alice, and Nannie, went to the country for a day's visit. All were busy workers at home, where they could not be often spared for a holiday, so they enjoyed all the more the pleasant country road, with the hills and cottages on one side and the rolling fields of grain on the other. The sun shone so brightly upon every thing it was reflected in their hearts, making their voices to burst forth in song as jubilant as that of the little birds around them. "How I wish mother were with us!" Madge cried; Nannie wanted her baby sister; Alice, her brother Jack; only Carrie was silent, because she was wishing so much she couldn't tell it for the poor lame mother who, all day long, must sit at home and could only know how fresh and bright the country looked by the little patch of grass in front of her window and the box of flowers growing on the sill.

Years ago, a railroad accident had made Mrs. Myrtle a widow and an invalid for life. She had but small means to support herself and child, yet no one ever called Mrs. Myrtle poor, so happy and contented was she always. Every one liked to visit her; her friends would say, "What a lovely home you have, Mrs. Myrtle!" What made it so they could hardly have told; it certainly was not fine furnishings, for these were poor and plain. A noble character, cleanliness, and plenty of sunshine will make the humblest home attractive.

The girls rode in Grandpa Green's "Express," as he called it, a high open wagon drawn by a pair of great strong bays. Along the winding carriage-drive to the house, the hills were covered with wild

flowers. Great patches of bluebells made the girls fairly shout, so thick they grew, so pink and blue they looked, as though they had caught the tint of heaven's own hue. Gracefully the willows waved above them, while near by violets and buttercups made a fairy land of blossom.

No wonder the long rows of bee-hives were empty of their occupants who were busily gathering the honeyed sweetness. Great bushes of lilacs were in bloom, shielding by their shade lilies of the valley, while scattered here and there were plants drinking in the spring freshness only to give it back again in fragrance and beauty. From the high terrace could be seen the river, winding in and out among the islands, the long graceful curve of the railroad, and the orchard of old, old trees whose branches, which had not been trimmed for years, rested on the ground.

On the piazza stood Celia waiting to greet her friends. She was the only child, the darling of the household, an heiress to large estates, yet so simple in her dress, so modest in character, she made the girls forget she was not of the same humble origin as they. The time before dinner was spent in looking at the pretty and curious things indoors.

Vain were the attempts to make friends with "Fanfulla," the little Spitz dog, "who looked like a round ball of cotton," Madge said, as Celia with a lump of sugar made him show off his various accomplishments. His constant companion was a little white kitty. Several dogs less attractive hung about, waiting for their share of attention. In a large cage built to the house were the ring doves; they fascinated Carrie, who loved to hold Celia's pet bird on her finger and make it nestle in her neck. Among the plants in the sitting-room were other birds. A pair of parokeets were very amusing; they perched so stiff and still and made such absurd sounds. When the girls grew tired of looking, Celia played on her grand piano to them and sang like a lark.

After dinner Celia's father showed them his great hennery, which was neatly enclosed on all sides by a wire covering and contained many rare fowls. They knew Celia's voice and came flocking around her when she opened the gate to go to the rabbit-house, where she showed them a box full of little young ones, all as black as coal. "Twenty of them, ma'am," Fritz said. He offered to give the girls each a pair, but they, having no place to keep them, declined his kind offer. Madge and Nannie fed the rabbits, while Carrie and Alice played croquet.

After gathering bouquets of the wild flowers they sought a shady nook, where they chattered and laughed till the sun went down and Grandpa Green came to carry them home, delighted with their day in the country.

E. M. G.

For the Dayspring.

SUMMER VACATIONS.

HOWARD A———, who lived in one of our largest cities, was a lad endowed with rare personal gifts.

He was an only son, and studying industriously, aiming at a college course before chosing his profession. The summer previous to the one of which I write, he had spent his vacation in a farmer's family in Delaware. The farmer's son, although still quite a young man, superintended a Sunday-school in the neighborhood, and had for his school library only a few second-hand books.

The next winter Howard came one

morning to his father, and said, "Father, will you give me twenty-five cents if I will clear away the snow in front of the house?"

"Certainly, my son. But are you strong enough? The snow is pretty deep."

"Please let me try."

It was hard work for those small hands and slender arms, yet he finished the job faithfully, for he was a resolute boy. More than *one* quarter did he earn that season in the same way.

As Christmas approached, Howard modestly asked his father and mother to let him have in money the value of the Christmas presents they designed to give him, excepting that coveted book which they had promised him.

Howard received a small weekly allowance, and the larger portion of this sum he placed beside his accumulating fund; also a gift of money, presented him by a visitor, a friend of his father.

Sometimes his schoolmates would rally him about growing stingy. "Why don't you buy fruit, fresh caramels, and other things as you used to do?" they would say to him. But with boyish pleasantry he evaded their queries, and continued on in his self-denying course.

Finally the last of June came, school examinations were over, and the long vacation began. Without delay Howard hastened to his father, and asked him if he would go to the Sunday School Union and help him select books for N. F.'s. Sunday-school. With a radiant face he said, "See father, how many dollars I have got."

"O my boy," said his father, "was it for this purpose that you have been saving up your money all winter?" That father gave cheerfully the aid asked of him, and saw the new purchase boxed up and sent to its destination. Not long afterwards the boy followed them. The first time Howard saw those new, bright-covered books distributed, and the great delight of every one present, deep down in his heart he felt the truth of the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

What joyous singing, too, he heard that day out of the new music-books. A new impulse, a new interest in that school, followed the addition of those well-selected books. Rapidly it grew and prospered. And all through that summer vacation, on Sunday afternoons, however great the heat, Howard and his farmer friend were at their post, doing what they could to diffuse happiness, and to instruct the children who gathered in that country Sunday-school.

M. P. O.

For The Dayspring.

KITTY'S NAP.

BY ELLEN T. LEONARD.

Oh Kitty, my baby, lie still in my lap,
Shut up your eyes quickly and take a fine nap;
I'll cover you up with my apron so warm,
And give, for a pillow, my little round arm.

Your head I'll uncover, so breathe through your nose,
Now snugly you're sleeping from ear-tips to toes.
But what are the kitty-dreams troubling your sleep,
As rocking you softly my watching I keep?

Are you dreaming your brother and sister so gay
Are teasing you into a frolicsome play?
Or, that mamma-kit listens to catch a fine mouse,
And you want to toss it all over the house?

What! waked up so quickly and off to your play?
You must have thought, surely, the mouse got away.
I've heard mamma say, "Baby has such cat-naps,"
She meant they came quick, and quick over perhaps.

HUMOROUS.

MAUD wanted to go barefooted, like the boys. In a little while she came in, saying, "Mamma, my feet are all wearing out, and papa will have to get me some new ones."

AN inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had, and the horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of both was fully satisfied.

AN Irish priest once asked a milkman, who admitted that he filled his pail occasionally from the pump, "How do you know, Michael, when to stop watering?" "Begorra, your reverence, we go on watering till the customers cry out against it."

TOMMY and Jennie were playing cars. Tommy got cross, and hit Jennie with a stick.

Her cries brought their mother, with inquiries into the matter.

"Why, don't you see," said Tommy, "we were playing cars, and I just switched her off the track a little ways." So Jennie thought it was all right, and played on.

IT may, perhaps, reassure some of the non-progressives who are fearful that this community is suffering from high pressure in education to know that the sign, copied *verbatim et literatim* below, is still to be seen within the limits of Boston: —

JoHNWHITE
GoBINGCLEN
CARPET ANɑWASH
ING WINDOWS AND
WHItWAsHING
WHItEINGE
ANɑ. SAWINGWOOɑ
PUtING ɑOWN
CARPEt. PUt. IN
COAL

For The Dayspring.

THE SATURDAY MATINEE.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

DON'T we have a jolly time
On every Saturday,
Down-stairs in our kitchen,
When the band begins to play?
I bang upon the cymbals —
Two tin lids, you know, —
Tommy takes the watering can —
My! but he can blow!

Clap, clash, bang, ting-a-ling!
We fellows can make noise enough for anything.

I have got a cheese-box,
I'm saving it with care;
Freddy has a battledore
Hidden (I know where).
Next Saturday, when Cousin Will
And Cousin Owen come,
One shall play the violin
And one the kettle-drum.

Clash, bang, boom, ting-a-ling!
Tootle-toot, the French horn loud will ring!

We'll whistle "Yankee Doodle,"
And we'll make a furious din
With the banging and the tooting,
And the clatter of the tin.
The cats will clamber on the roof,
The dogs will run away,
And Biddy will be *raging*,
When the band begins to play.

Bang, clash! It will be such fun,
Till Biddy from the kitchen
Makes us every one run!

IN every noble heart burns a desire to improve.

NEVER respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy. We do not value the sun for its height, but for its use.

For the Dayspring.

COALS OF FIRE.

"PLEASE, mamma, hear me recite my lesson. I want to get it off my mind," said Helen Logan one morning when she had been going to school about a year.

"Oh, what a funny Dot!" said her mother to herself in the next room. It was not often that she called her daughter by this baby name now; for with the first day of school, when the full name, Helen Marguerite Logan, had been written on the teacher's roll-book, "Dot" had been laid aside as quite too babyish for a young lady who had a copy-book and slate and pencil and could read in words of two syllables. But when she made such queer little speeches as this, it was plain that she was not much but a baby after all.

Although it made Mrs. Logan smile to think of getting a lesson off one's mind by reciting it, she understood Helen's meaning very well. There were special reasons on this particular Friday night for putting lessons well in the background. To-morrow would be the great day in the new game to which all the children in the neighborhood had been looking forward for more than a week. The idea started with Helen and a new set of dishes given to her for a birthday present.

"Let 's have a boarding-house in the old barn," she had said to her particular friend, Fanny Allen. Mamma had been consulted, and had answered "Yes, on two conditions."

"What are the conditions?" said Helen.

"That you shall be your own cooks and that I may be your quartermaster," answered Mrs. Logan.

"That's just what we want, to be our own cooks; but what is a quartermaster?"

"A quartermaster is an officer in an army. When the soldiers want food or fuel or clothing, they don't help themselves, but they make a requisition on the quartermaster. Now, when you have made up your mind what things you want for your boarding-house, you make a list and bring it to me, and that will be a requisition on the quartermaster."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Helen. "Yes, you may be quartermaster."

Mrs. Logan had two objects in making these conditions. She wanted them to be their own cooks so that they might learn something from their play, and she wanted to be their quartermaster, so that she could teach them.

"Now," said Helen, as she and Fanny went off to talk it over, "the first thing is to decide what we shall have to eat, and what it will cost. That's the way it was at a hotel we stopped at last summer. They brought papa a paper, a bill of fare they called it, and it told what there was for dinner and how much you would have to pay for it. We must make a bill of fare, and send it to all the boys and girls. What shall we have?"

"Ice-cream," said Fanny.

"And cake," said Helen.

"Wine-jelly," said Fanny.

"And currant-pie, and waffles, and potato-salad," said Helen, writing them all down as she spoke. "We 'll have ten pins for ice-cream, and five pins for cake, and six pins apiece for the rest. Now we'll go and ask mamma for the things."

So in less than five minutes they were back in Mrs. Logan's room. She smiled as she looked over the paper they handed her. "How will you make the ice-cream?" she asked.

"Oh, we'll get that from Alexander's," said Helen.

"But I thought this was to be a boarding house with everything made by yourselves;" then, noticing their disappointed looks, she added, "How would lemonade do? You could make very nice lemonade."

"Oh yes, lemonade will do just as well. We didn't think of that," said Fanny.

"Cake, wine-jelly, currant-pie, waffles, potato-salad," said Mrs. Logan, reading from the paper,—"all good, but pretty hard for young cooks to make. But there is one good thing about it, Except the waffles, everything can be eaten cold, so you might make one dish each day and set it away in your cupboard until all were ready. You have a good cupboard, I suppose."

They looked at each other and shook their heads. They hadn't even thought of it.

"And a table?" said Mrs. Logan.

They shook their heads again. Plainly, it took more than a set of dishes to make a boarding-house.

But that was the beginning, as I told you. It was a week before they got the barn in order, and pretty hard work too. First, they moved out of the way everything they didn't want to use, and scrubbed the floor. What fun that was! All her life Helen had longed to scrub a floor, but Bridget would never be bothered with her. Then some bits of carpet were found to spread down before the doors, and pictures from "The Dayspring" were pinned upon the walls. An old work-bench, covered with a nice white table-cloth, was just the thing for a table, and in the loft they found plenty of boxes for chairs. I don't suppose they could have done everything so nicely if they hadn't had so much help, but by this time they had taken a good many others into the game. One night, when Charlie Frost was making the girls a cupboard by turning a strawberry crate on end and nailing another on top of it he said, —

"Girls, Jack Whipple is going to start a store, and he wants to know if you won't buy your things of him."

"Not really?" said Helen.

"Yes, really, said Charlie. "He says you could have a telephone and give your orders, and then he would send the things round in his express-wagon."

"That would be ever so much fun," said Helen, "if Jack would only behave himself; but I just believe it 's some new plan to tease us."

Jack Whipple had always been a trial to Helen. He lived next door, and, so she thought, spent his time in planning mischief against girls. When she found Matilda Ann with black moustaches painted on her beautiful waxen face, she knew Jack Whipple did it. When the croquet-balls were missing, or the flowers picked from her garden, why, it was Jack Whipple who knew all about it, of course.

This was the reason that she was slow to admit Jack's good intentions and to take him into the game. But the next day, when his big dog Bruce came trotting round, harnessed into a little express-wagon, and bringing tea, coffee, sugar and crackers, all nicely tied up in separate parcels, Helen began to think that perhaps Jack wasn't such a bad boy after all.

He made a telephone next; he took two empty baking-powder boxes, bored a hole in the bottom of each, passed a long string from one to the other, and set up one in the store and the other in the boarding-house. It was true that so far as hearing each other was concerned, a hole in the fence was a good deal better than the tele-

phone, but then the telephone was the most fun.

Then the cookery began. "Sponge-cake" was written on the paper which they brought to the quartermaster on the first day.

"To make a really delicate sponge-cake is difficult and requires a good deal of practice, but perhaps I can find you a simple recipe. Yes, here is one. Three eggs, one coffee-cup of flour, one tea-cup of sugar, one-half tea-cup of milk, three teaspoons baking powder, one tea-spoon extract of lemon."

"Just the thing! I'll beat the eggs," said Helen.

"Very well," said Mrs. Logan, "but there is a right way and a wrong way for sponge-cake as for everything else. Now the wrong way for sponge-cake would be to break the eggs into a dish, and then run round with it and gather up the rest of the things. We want to do our work in the right way, so you will put on your big calico aprons, roll up your sleeves, and get everything together on this clean kitchen table. Helen, you may bring that large earthen bowl and a wooden spoon. Fanny may get the eggs and put them into a dish of ice-water."

"What is the ice-water for?" said Fanny.

"To make the eggs cold; eggs can be beaten much lighter if cold, and in sponge-cake a great deal depends upon the lightness of the eggs, so they must be both fresh and cold. Now take a coffee-cup, measure the flour, put it into the sieve, add the baking-powder, and sift them on to the flour-board. The sugar is in the pantry and the milk in the ice-box; measure these and bring them to the table; then," continued Mrs. Logan "we must not forget the fire. We will make it now, and by the time the cake is mixed the oven will be hot enough to bake it. Rub the inside of this baking-pan with nice fresh lard, and then we are ready to begin."

All this having been done, the eggs were taken from the ice-water and broken, the whites into one dish and the yolks into another, and each thoroughly beaten. The sugar was added to the yolks, then the milk, flour, and flavoring extract, and last of all, the whites of the eggs in such a stiff froth that the dish could be turned quite upside down without spilling a drop. It went into the oven, soft and smooth, and in half an hour was taken out, twice as high as it went in and with a light, golden crust on top, as nice a sponge-cake as one often sees. Then the dishes they had used were neatly washed and put away, for good cooks, said Mrs. Logan, never left untidy kitchens, and besides they must be careful that their play did not make too much work for others.

The next day there was a requisition for currant-pies, which were made under the quartermaster's direction, baked in toy pie-plates, and placed in tempting rows in the cupboard. The quartermaster advised them to omit waffles, but agreed to furnish bread and butter. At her suggestion, too, they had made custard instead of wine-jelly. And now, on this Friday night when Helen wanted to "get her lessons off her mind," everything was ready except setting the table and sending out invitations for the morrow.

Not that there was really much need of invitations, for the preparations had been anything but secret, and everybody was to come, even Jack Whipple, in consideration of his unusual good behavior. He had been getting pretty impatient towards the last, to be sure, and to-night, when he came in and found Charlie Frost and Harry

White writing invitations, while Helen and Fanny were setting the table, he said "Oh, bother invitations! Everything is ready, let's sit down and eat up the things. We'll have all the more ourselves if we don't ask any one else, and then what fun it would be to-morrow to see what they'd say when they found everything gone!"

But Jack's proposition met with no favor, so he wandered off again without offering to help. That was the trouble with Jack, and the reason no one could get along with him. If he began a game of ball, he was almost sure to get tired and throw down the bat before it was half over, not caring that he spoiled the game for the rest. It was the same in "I spy," or any thing else; to do what pleased myself was his first thought always.

"There," said Charlie, "they are all done. 'You are invited to dinner at the Amazon Boarding-House on Saturday at twelve o'clock.

LOGAN & ALLEN, PROPRIETORS.'"

"And we are all ready too," said Helen, looking round with satisfaction. "See how nice the table looks! and here are the pies and the cake and the bread in the cupboard. We'll leave the custard in the ice-box in the house to-night, and in the morning make the tea and the coffee and the lemonade."

Charlie and Harry said "Good-night," taking the invitations to deliver on their way home. Fanny was to stay all night with Helen to "help each other wake up early in the morning," they said. As I passed their door about midnight, going to my own room, I heard Helen saying, "Take another piece of pie, if you please." I went in and saw that she was sound asleep; she was dreaming of her boarders.

Morning came, and immediately after breakfast the little girls ran to the barn. They threw open the door and saw — what do you think they saw? The table-cloth pulled off, the dishes on the floor, the cupboard upset, the pies gone, the cake gone, nothing left but some crusts of bread and dirty dishes!

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Dot, dropping on to the nearest box and beginning to cry.

"Oh, our beautiful boarding-house! All broken up!" sobbed Fanny.

"Whoever could have done it?" said Charley Frost, coming in at that moment.

"Rats," said Fanny.

"Dogs," said Charlie.

"Jack Whipple!" said Helen, picking up a handkerchief from the floor and pointing to "J. W." in the corner. "I told you so — oh, I told you so!" breaking into fresh tears.

"Let's go and clean out his old store," said Fanny.

"And smash up his express-wagon," said Charlie.

"And punch a hole in his new kite," said Helen.

Indeed, at that moment, nothing seemed too bad a punishment for this wicked boy, and all their usual gentleness and kindness were swallowed up in indignation.

They brought Mrs. Logan to the scene. It was indeed a forlorn sight, and she was truly sorry for the children; but when they told her what they had planned to do in return, she looked still more sorry.

"And what then?" she asked.

"Why, then we'll be even with him."

"That is, you'll be as bad as Jack himself; then he'll feel it necessary to do some still meaner thing for the sake of getting even with you, and so there'll be a quarrel without end. Now, I can tell you a better way to punish Jack than that. Return his handkerchief, and with it a cup of custard,

telling him that you send it because it was in the house and so he got none last night."

"What, send that bad boy a cup of our nice custard!" said Helen.

"Yes, return good for evil," said her mother. "That hurts the wrong-doer so much worse than any other treatment that it has been called 'heaping coals of fire on the head.' Your custard will be 'coals of fire' to Jack, and make him truly sorry; but if you injure his things it will only make him angry, and he'll be glad for what he has done."

It was some time before they could make up their minds, but mamma's counse finally prevailed, and Bridget went over to Mr. Whipple's, carrying the handkerchief, the custard, and a note. Jack was not to be found, but she left them in his store.

Jack had waked that morning feeling very much ashamed of himself. It looked like a good joke the night before when he had slipped quietly into the barn and pulled things to pieces, and he had chuckled to think of the girls' dismay. But it seemed very different in the morning when he waked with a pain in his stomach and a guilty conscience. Then, hearing nothing from next door, as he had expected, he began to be afraid. (Mean people are always cowards.) He thought of whippings and jail, and wondered what his father would do to him if he found it out. He went off to the woods alone, growing more and more miserable every moment. About noon he came sneaking home and into his store. He read the note, he saw the handkerchief, but he did not taste the custard. He thought even to take a mouthful would choke him. He thought he could never look one of the boys or girls in the face again. Never in his life had he been so thoroughly wretched. What should he do? That was the question that he couldn't get away from. He heard the merry voices of the children in the old barn, for the guests, being disappointed in the feast, had changed the boarding-house into a circus and were having a right joyful time. What would he give to be able to put things back as they were the day before! All at once a bright thought struck him. He ran up to his room, took from his drawer three bright, silver half-dollars (he had been saving them for Fourth of July and it was all he had), and went as fast as he could to Alexander's, the ice-cream man. Laying the money down on the counter, he said, "Please take a gallon of ice-cream to Mr. Logan's barn." Then he stepped up to the desk and wrote a few words on a piece of paper, which he also handed to the man, saying, "And take this with it."

In a few minutes the circus performance was interrupted by a man bearing an ice-cream freezer. He handed the note to Helen and walked off without saying a word.

Jack was not much of a scholar, but no one criticized the note though it read like this:—

"Complimunts of J. Whipple. I'm sory I dun it."

A. B. MCM.

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive." This is especially true of bestowing favors. Those who try to make others happy have the strongest enjoyment.

BEAR with yourself, but do not flatter yourself. Work effectually and steadily at the correction of your faults, yet calmly and without the impatience of self-love.

CHEERFULNESS is conducive to health, strength, and success. It was Thomas Carlyle who exclaimed, "Oh, give us the man who sings at his work."

SUCCESS.

SWARMS of young men and young women have just graduated from our public schools and colleges, a great majority of whom must go to work at once to earn a living. Many of them have already selected their vocations. Others have not made a decision, and have no outlook. Most of these young graduates are more or less anxious concerning their future. All of them desire to be of the happy number who succeed in life.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all it commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is at least one way by which success may ordinarily be attained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done, by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor, you should seek to be the best doctor of your neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you should be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order, at the most convenient time, and for a fair price. Yours should be the neatest store, where the promptest attention is given to customers, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found. If you are so unfortunate as to publish a paper, never rest until you have made it the best of its kind in the world. You probably never will place it at the head, but you must always seek for that result. If you do, your paper will be a success.

Sixty years ago Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in the Bowery, New York, within a few yards of the spot where the Cooper Institute now stands. A man came into his store one day, and said,—

"I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I'll sell it to you for two thousand dollars."

Upon inquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a rate that forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself, —

"Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia? I think it can be. I'll try."

He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the processes by which glue is made. He tried endless experiments, superintending every boiling himself; kept trying for years, always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price, and literally ruled the market.

What he did with glue, Gillot did with pens, Jonas Chickering with the piano, Fairbanks with scales; and, if you succeed fairly and handsomely, you must do just so with *something*. — *Youth's Companion.*

THE incident mentioned below actually occurred not a thousand miles from Boston. A gentleman handed to a person employed in his office a slip of paper containing the following sentence: "Mules make a great fuss about their ancestors having been horses." The man put it in his pocket. The next day a physician prescribed for the man's wife, and the prescription went to the same receptacle. He sent one of his children to the apothecary's for medicine with the wrong paper, and the druggist was much amused to see the sentence quoted above in place of the prescription.

A LITTLE child was eating her breakfast with a spoon, and the sun shone in upon her little mess of broth. As she lifted a spoonful to her mouth, she said, "Mother, what do you think? I have eaten a spoonful of sunshine!"

"SIT" AND "SET."

MANY of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on the nest, and the little editors would let her sit, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or woman either, can *set* a hen, although they can not sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour, if they would allow. A man can not set on the wash-bench; but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail, if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it; but, if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians, as well as the dog, would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tale aside, and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians. — *Christian World.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE September number of the tenth series of Sunday School Lessons is now ready. The series will contain forty-three Lessons, about half of which will be based on selections from the Acts of the Apostles, and the rest on selections from the New Testament Epistles. The titles of the four Lessons in the September number are, "The Day of Pentecost;" "The Preaching of Peter;" "The Seven Chosen — Stephen;" and "Philip the Evangelist." Specimen copies sent on application.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in Lowell, Wednesday and Thursday, October 19 and 20.

Puzzles.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. A girl's name and an interjection, form what territory in the United States?

2. The hue of any thing, an article, and a note in singing, make what State?

3. An exclamation, a pet name for mother, and another exclamation, make what Western city?

4. A domestic occupation and a weight, make what city?

5. A young lady, a verb, a small draught, and type confusedly mixed, make what river?

6. A verb, an article, and a male child, make what river in South America?

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.

My 3, 2, 5, is a domestic animal.

My 1, 4, 8, is a large covered wagon.

My 5, 6, 8, is a metal.

My 7, 8, is a word of denial.

My whole is a time of rest and change from regular occupations.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Scent, cent. 2. Charm, harm, arm. 3. Wheat, heat, eat. 4. Whelm, helm, elm. 5. Wheel, heel, eel. 6. Dwell, well, ell.

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